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L. H. WARR

HOLSTEIN
500 HEAD



For the year ending June, 1934, five mature cows
Seven heifers of the Netherland Family, average
11,346 lbs. 2-8 ounces.

BUTTER

Also some cream and 17 lbs. 4 1/2 ounces.

Eight heifers, 3 years old, averaged 13 lb.
Eleven heifers, two years old and younger,
The entire original imported Netherland Friesians
lbs. 6 1/2 ounces per week.
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and my friend, the doctor, hurried to my aid and led me out. It was a great relief to be in the open air once more; and never

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. GRANT

By His Former Pastor, Rev. O. H. Tiffany.

The Rev. O. H. Tiffany, who was pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington during President Grant's Administration, and who married Nellie Grant to Mr. Grant, delivered an address on "Personal Memories of Gen. Grant as a Former Parishioner" this morning in the Marine Avenue Methodist Church. He said: "The history of his character was developed when he came to Chicago, he remained there over four years."

ing where he would worship on that
Pews were offered for his use in almo
the principal churches and carriages
proffered by their owners for his accom

his aids to inquire of a well-known Methodist lady, whether a clergyman by the name of Vincent, who used to preach in Ch was not preaching somewhere in Chicago; it was informed that Mr. Vincent was pastor of Trinity Church in the southern part of the city. Trinity Church was then a mission station and Dr. Vincent had not attained his present conspicuous position, and Sunday, the General quietly, with his entered a carriage and drove down pronounced to worship in the little church.

heard in his former home. When I was called to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church, I found him one of the regulars of the congregation in attendance.

on public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter. Often explaining, when necessarily asked, the occasion of his non-attendance at church services, he was usually unflinching and the subjects of sermons frequently matters of subsequent conversation. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always passing out at the minister's private exit (avoid the crowd) he spoke cheerily and preciously to the clerkman. He attended all of the religious services of the church except the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me once that all music seemed to affect

and that he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a piano, and when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas he experienced a feeling of

Not long after my arrival in Washington, at a reception given by Ex-President General King, I was asked by his daughter whether it was true as she had heard that General Grant had never sworn a oath. I was surprised at the question and took opportunity to speak to the General about it. He told me that he never had sworn a oath, but that he had used profane language; he was quite sure that he had done so under any provocation he had remembered it.

On one occasion a friend whom I used to hear preach for me on a Sunday night, I called on the present day to see him of this fact, and said that I had done so because I had observed that he attended service only once on a Sunday, and thought

He knew of this arrangement for the
he might prefer to attend the evening
vice. He said to me: "I am glad of
portunity to explain this matter to

surd that I ought not to walk the streets of Washington at night, consequently I never get to the evening service, though I should be glad to do so. Perhaps you think that I might hire a carriage and ride to service; but doctors say I am too weak to do so. I have been a poor man long before I ever thought that I should have a servant. I made up my mind that if I ever did have one, he should be here four hours of Sunday for worshiping no servants, nor anyone ever called in by me upon that day for any other convenience."

He was silent under bitter accusations of calumny, and I remember well one at the White House when my family and I were there. "I have never seen Colfax and his sister were the only

"During the campaign, General, veiled at the quietness of your endurance wrong and misrepresentations. Now myself are passing under similar

The General quietly remarked: "I never believe, Mr. Coffax, that I was his father, and that it did not hurt him." His special religious preference was that of religious humanism. He was a man of religiously and thoroughly honest and earnest in his attitude in the superintending position, certain facts in history as inexplicably out this, and admiring the firm faith of those who voted, and reverencing with a keenness that was beautiful in its exhibition of piety of his parents. He made a visit to Martha's Vineyard, which was as now my summer home. I presented a sermon on the victory of the faith

d. I the lamb." He was moved more than ever seen him under a discourse, and, how close of the sermon, at his suggestion, wandered away from the crowd and

n earnest and serious conversation said: "Why is there so much stress upon the blood in your preaching and New Testament?" I explained to the simplest terms the doctrine of

The Poet's Corner.

ORANT.

A Poetic Tribute on the Death of a

Faintly remembered.

By EDWIN C. STEINER.

[From N. Y. Tribune.]

O what a rare companion,

Of which men long shall tell,

Enfold when he was slain,

When this our greatest fell.

For him no mold had cast

A bullet's arrow sped;

He was not slain by hand,

His iron blood had shed.

Death on the hundredfold

Had failed to bring him low;

He was not slain by hand,

To might of mortal foe.

Even to himself unknown

He bore the fatal wound,

Heard somewhere near his throne

Of battles, still the Lord.

That weapon, when he drew,

Back rolled the wrath of men;

That sword, when he drew forth,

The nation rang with steel.

The splendor and the fame—

Whisper of those alone;

No say that round his name

A moment's shade was thrown.

Count not such satellite

That his great name shall glow,

Nor say that round his name

His name shall glow.

Where then to choose his grave?

That clods may be his birth,

And his great name shall glow

His name shall glow.

Yet to his faithful friend

His quivering arms shall lend,

That clods may be his birth,

And his great name shall glow.

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THE MASKED BALL.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF SPAIN.

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